UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

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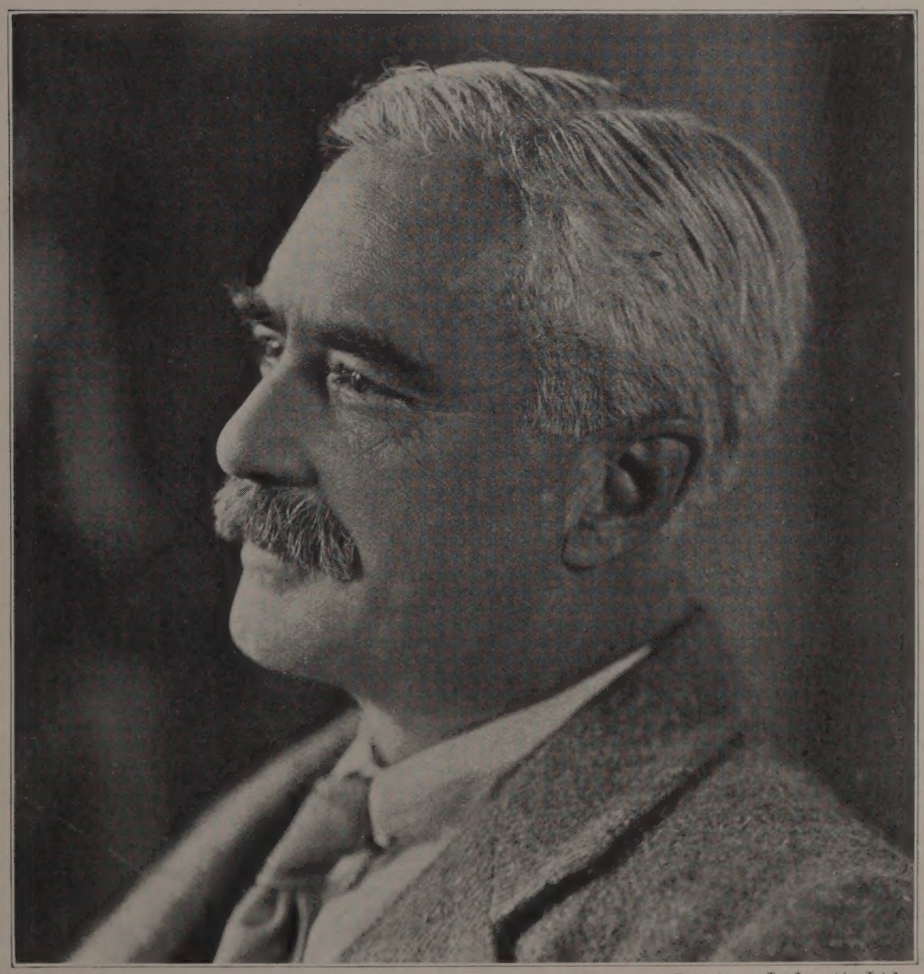
John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

In Memoriam—E. D. Morel



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E. D. MOREL

1873-1924

"There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exaltations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1925 NUMBER 17

In Memoriam: E. D. Morel

"You must approach the issue from the standpoint of Truth and its proclamation."
—From a letter written by E. D. Morel two days before his death.
"Be of good cheer. Truth and Justice will prevail."—*E. D. Morel's last words to the electors of Dundee.*
"Death is nothing. Death will not stop us. The cause will go on."—*E. D. Morel on the eve of the Dundee election.*

A Hero Saga

E. D. Morel, to whose heroic memory this special issue of UNITY is dedicated, was born on July 10, 1873. He was christened Georges Edmund and was the son of Edmund Model de Ville, official in the French Ministry of Finance. His mother, Emmeline de Horne, was an English woman of Quaker stock. She sent her son to a private school at Eastbourne and later to the Bedford Modern School. As a young man he obtained employment in a Paris bank and later became a clerk in the Liverpool office of Elder Dempster & Co. It was here that he became interested in the Congo situation in Africa and undertook journalistic agitation against the evil of slavery in the Congo rubber trade. About this time he shortened his name to Morel and became naturalized (1896).

In 1903, Mr. Morel founded the *African Mail* for the advocacy of native rights in the Congo and therewith entered upon that heroic service on behalf of the enslaved and tortured blacks which ended eight years later in one of the greatest philanthropic triumphs of modern history. When he began his campaign he was only twenty-seven years old. He had not long been married. He had no capital and no social influences. Against him stood the wealthiest, the most astute and the most unscrupulous monarch in the world and all the social and political forces that hedge about such a king. Yet not for one moment did he hesitate. Starting his little paper, he wrote with such vigor and labored with such zeal that he soon stirred public opinion and found support for his crusade. In 1904 he founded the Congo Reform Association and began the editing of its official organ. His activities were now amazing. He was the driving force and guiding spirit, at once the engine and the rudder, of the long agitation against the hideous cruelties which had been exposed in the treatment of the natives of the Congo Free State. His energy was ceaseless, and of the most determined and courageous character. He wielded a pen which was like a sword of liberation. He wrote various books, two of which—"Red Rubber" and "King Leopold's Rule in Africa"—went around the world and stirred the conscience of mankind. In 1911 he had the inexpressible happiness of seeing the drastic reforms which he had advocated in the administration of the Belgian Congo begun. By May, 1913, the work was done. The entire Leopoldian policy had been completely abandoned. The atrocities were over; the slaves were free. "We have won, gentlemen," said Mr. Morel, addressing the Executive Committee of his Association, "we have won a victory which in my humble opinion has saved the African blacks from the permanent yoke of slavery . . . and rescued generations yet unborn from a cruel and destructive fate."

This was the crowning point of Mr. Morel's life. On July 16, 1913, a great assembly was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel in recognition of his achievement. Sir Gilbert Parker presided and the great assembly was addressed by some of the most conspicuous leaders of English public life. Mr. Morel was thanked for his "invaluable service not only to the natives of the Congo but to the British people," and he was presented with a purse of 4000 guineas raised by an influential committee "for his efforts in the cause of humanity."

Mr. Morel's work in the Belgian Congo had brought him face to face with the fact of secret diplomacy and the relations prevailing between the great European powers. His work here done, he turned to the study of the diplomatic situation and plunged into it with a determination, energy and genius for detail which were the supreme qualities of his life. At this time Morocco was the center of diplomatic manoeuvering and in 1912 Morel published "Morocco in Diplomacy," revealing the facts about the state of affairs in Europe, more especially from the standpoint of Germany's position. As a result of his investigations and studies he was in a position in August, 1914, not only to suspect but to know that the catastrophe of the Great War was the result not of Germany's exclusive guilt but of diplomatic conspiracies in which all the leading powers were involved.

Promptly at this time, when all the world was being swept into the disaster of universal war, he organized, with Mr. Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald and others, the Union of Democratic Control, of which he became the secretary. Ceaselessly in season and out he preached the doctrine that the responsibility for the War was not Germany's alone, that the English Liberal Government had betrayed the English people, that Sir Edward Grey had lied to the House of Commons, that the remedy lay in democracy, open diplomacy and international co-operation upon a pacifist basis. So uncompromising was his attitude, so determined his crusade, so terrific his onslaught upon the war mania of the time, that he became the most unpopular man in the British Isles. He was openly charged with being a dupe of Germany in the Congo agitation, and in the war her spy. His position of disfavor was such that he found it utterly impossible to challenge these slanders in a court of law, and had to be content with going bravely on stating the truth which he almost alone among living men knew upon the basis of exact and full information, thus anticipating what has been since so amply verified by students of the causes of the war. If ever a man was justified in his own lifetime, it was E. D. Morel, but during 1914-19 his outlawry was complete. His friends and acquaintances deserted him, his life was searched by secret service agents for private scandal, snares were laid to entrap him in acts of sedition. At last in 1917 he was caught in the innocent violation of the Defense of the Realm Act in sending some of his pamphlets to Romain Rolland. Had Rolland been living in France, no offense would have been committed. But it happened that Rolland was living in Switzerland, a fact not known to Morel. He was therefore morally innocent, though technically guilty of breaking a provision of the law against sending printed matter into neutral countries without a license. He was arrested and tried. His lawyer betrayed his client by refusing to present a defense. Without a hearing Morel was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, which he served to the end of the period.

In March, 1918, after his release from prison, Morel joined the Independent Labor Party, thus abandoning the Liberal Party of which he had been a parliamentary candidate in 1912. In the election in 1922 he stood for the constituency in Dundee, Scotland, and his victory was reported throughout the world as it involved the sensational defeat of the Hon. Winston Churchill. The overthrow of such a loud and brilliant patriot, one of the most eminent men in the Empire, by the despised and hated pacifist was an amazing indication of the change of public sentiment and of the swift vindication of the pacifist position on the war. I saw Mr. Morel in London when he was fighting this campaign. He was all aquiver with determination, giving his last ounce of time and strength to the cause. I know that his victory marked the happiest moment of his life. Not even the world-wide acclaim which greeted his triumph in the Congo could equal the consolation of this election to Parliament over the outstanding militaristic patrioteer of the day.

In 1919, Mr. Morel founded *Foreign Affairs* and made it, as editor, one of the great international journals of the time. In Parliament he sat on the back benches among the independents, and gave stalwart support to the MacDonald ministry. It was his intervention which saved the Russian Treaty after it had been abandoned by the Prime Minister. Last January he was named by Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, Lord Parmoor, Mr. Henderson and other leaders of the Labor Party as a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize, and support for this nomination was secured throughout the world.

In the recent election (1924), Mr. Morel ran again in Dundee and, in the midst of the great Tory victory, stood on election day at the head of the poll in his constituency. Five candidates stood for the city; Mr. Morel polled 32,846 votes out of a total poll of 114,000 votes, leading his nearest competitor by 3,700 votes. Mr. Morel's last public words were spoken to an ecstatic crowd of 15,000 people at the railroad station in Dundee as he took train for London for his vacation. "Be of good cheer," he said, "truth and justice will prevail."

Exhausted by the labors of the campaign, Mr. Morel went with his wife to Bovey Tracey, Devonshire, for a rest. Here at a peaceful farmhouse he hoped to recruit his strength for the new labors ahead. Accompanied by his sister-in-law, Miss Richardson, Mr. Morel went for a walk shortly after his arrival. They started for Lucknow Woods, and as the two were proceeding slowly up hill, Mr. Morel suddenly stumbled and fell. Miss Richardson immediately ran to a nearby farm for assistance, but before she could return Mr. Morel was dead. Heart trouble, diagnosed as a serious complaint by a London specialist sometime before, was the cause of his passing.

The greatest achievement of Mr. Morel's life was his freeing of the slaves in the Congo. This is a deed which parallels in splendor the abolition of the African slave trade by the great Wilberforce a century before. Mr. Morel's greatest service to humanity and his own supreme spiritual triumph was his testimony to the truth about the war. No man ever undertook a more difficult labor, sustained it more heroically, carried it through more victoriously. Were this a just world Mr. Morel would have been buried in Westminster Abbey by the common consent of the English people side by side with Wilberforce himself and in the company of the greatest of England's dead.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The White Man with the Straight Eye

More than all witnesses to Morel's character and achievements I value certain African chiefs, who, asked if they remembered him, replied, "Oh, yes! the white man with the straight eye." They appeared to think that the straight eye was an unfamiliar feature in a white man. An address read to him by forty native chiefs, who had travelled long distances to pay their tribute of honor, admirably summed up the great past of a man who was even then quite young: "Your labor, Sir, is unique. A fight against your own people for aliens, not even of the same race, inhabiting countries thousands of miles away from you, and that at the risk of losing the good-will and interest and esteem of your own brethren, is, humanely speaking, unnatural. Hence we take it to be from God. And we class you among the few whom he has at all times reserved for himself to carry out his purposes and maintain his honor among the nations of the world."

Most wise Africans! Because this man's ways were so unlike those of other men, you look him to be from God. Amen.

Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sydney's plume of snow.

But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valour true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labour,
And childhood's heart of play.

True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labour,
Wherever groans a slave,—

Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards—
And Sydneys still are here!

My first contact with Morel was at the International Peace Congress in Boston in 1904, where I gathered my first sure knowledge of Congo affairs. The older men know the story; but let the young read and imitate! Here may be seen the romantic spectacle of a young clerk in a shipping-office—just one-and-twenty—setting out on a mighty crusade which was to extend over many years, to shake three continents, to hurl an iniquitous king from a usurped throne, to thwart the schemes of commercial and financial corporations composed of the wealthiest and most powerful concessionaires in the world, to save millions of lives that otherwise were doomed to outrage and death, and to restore some measure of their lands and liberties to millions more; and to do all this with a simplicity and lack of self-consciousness which is the mark of true greatness, and which our pious fathers would have ascribed to the leading of Providence.

I am particularly struck by the way in which Morel was led to set his feet on the liberator's path. He struck no attitude, saying, "Go to! I will be a Moses to these 'negroes'." He began, so to speak, in the way of business; through the seeming accident of being placed in the African department of his firm's affairs, where he strenuously sought out the most intimate knowledge of African affairs, till he became a recognized expert on all matters connected with the Dark Continent—its animal and vegetable life, geography, trade, land tenure, and so forth. His firm then despatched him on various business missions to France, Germany, and Belgium, where he got his first glimpses of the Congo horror, which, with characteristic vigor and acumen, he followed up till he had acquired full and accurate knowledge. To his horror, he realized that the hapless millions of the Congo were caught in the toils of a tyranny as greedy and inhuman as any that ever disgraced the human name,—robbed of land and liberty, exploited, tortured, maimed, murdered; a criminal policy which would make null and void Africa's rich future as a trading country, leaving it a blood-soaked ruin, and its people sunk in perpetual poverty. On the other hand, the wide-seeing man with the straight eye perceived that a just and enlightened policy would be for the whole world's good; that a free and prosperous Africa trading on mutual terms with the rest of the world for the mutual good of all—Free Trade, the Open Door, The International Spirit,—that was the Holy Grail which led the young knight errant to sever himself from business and to devote himself to the sacred cause of negro emancipation, in which, like all the liberators, he perceived the emancipation of the white man, himself to be included. There is on record no more marvelous instance of human devotion and endurance. The journeys he made, the books he published, the correspondence he conducted, the interviews, the controversies, the statistics wherewith he assiduously coached the journalists, statesmen and politicians of the leading nations,—all this, and more that must be imagined, proved the man to be a miracle of industry, capacity and generalship. On my soul and conscience, I know not where to lay my mind to a more signal instance of the God in the human heart; and it is some consolation to me in this dark hour that I did not reserve all my incense for the urn of the dead.

Needless to say, the great deliverance was not achieved to the accompaniment of loud huzzas all along the way. Far from it. Much of the way there was more mud than music. In later days, and more recent struggles, my heart has often been wrung with rage and grief at the spectacle of this heroic man

> Haggling with prejudice for pennyworths
> Of that reform which [his] hard toil will make
> The common birthright of the age to come,

and my only comfort is to have been one of those who stood with him through all the sad, sad years of the war, and shared with him the disappointments and miseries of the false "peace."

The Congo affair must not be regarded as a detached effort of Morel's life, having little or no connection with recent events in which we are more interested. It was the Congo Reform movement which brought Morel

into close contact with the Foreign Ministers of Europe and America, and gave him his first warnings of the deadly evils associated with diplomatic methods. Of all those who stood outside the diplomatic official circle, I believe he was the first to recognize the fact that diplomacy was slowly and surely gravitating towards European war, and he shouted his warning, but to ears mostly deaf. Then he literally flung himself into the cauldron, a willing victim to save his fellows from the wrath to come. With passionate altruism combined with meticulous accuracy—a combination rare in the annals of human genius, but perfect in Morel, he issued his series of great books on Morocco—still unanswered and unanswerable—in which he advocated an *entente* with Germany as well as with France, proving that the self-interested interference of the European Powers with Morocco, was creating a situation of the gravest danger. Wisdom was justified of her child.

Morel's efforts in the direction of Open Diplomacy are well known, though not yet sufficiently noted, and still less sufficiently followed up. He saw the vicious effects of secret diplomacy on the character of Parliamentary leaders, the wriggling, the lying, the fatal consequences to world-peace, and, with some like-minded comrades, he founded the Union of Democratic Control, and started the publication of *Foreign Affairs,* the influence of which has done more, perhaps, than any other single agency, to open the eyes of unprejudiced men and women in all countries to the perils of the Treaty of Revenge, and especially to the poisonous lie of German *sole-guilt* for the war—a lie which will continue to envenom the soul of the civilized world till it is acknowledged and atoned for. In the sacred name of Democratic Control he sacrificed a prospective (Liberal) seat in Parliament, to which he had been summoned by acclamation. For then the Juggernaut of War descended on him and his contemporaries, and everything went smash.

I can spare my words in describing Morel's attitude all through the war, for it was an attitude assumed by many of us—though, alas, not enough of us to win through—and nobly sustained by UNITY, for which we owe its Editor also our eternal gratitude. He stood for Peace by Negotiation, instead of that which was described by J. W. Hobson as "the Perfidy of Paris." He knew that while Militarism endures, social justice and international peace are impossible. How strange it now seems, that the week before Death stopped him in the fulness of his career, UNITY had printed his prodigious denunciation of the greatest enemy of the human race!

My closest association with "E. D. M." as he was affectionately referred to in the inner circle, was in the Dundee election campaigns, in which I had a double interest as being at once a native of the city and a friend of the candidate. We spoke from the same platforms and clubbed in the same hotel. After a long experience of politics and electioneering, I aver that Morel was unsurpassed both as an orator and a strategist. The former quality we knew and expected; the second was something of a revelation. During the victorious fight to unseat Churchill (who brought Lord Birkenhead from Liverpool to denounce Morel as "the most dangerous man in the country"—which he certainly was, *to them*!) his insight and sagacity were a constant amazement. Evermore his word was, "What will Churchill be saying to-night?" and "How can I spike his guns?" while he seemed at a moment's notice to draw from some magic box the very facts and figures which confuted his opponent, and made his arguments ridiculous. Yet withal the most scrupulous regard to truth, and in the hottest contest, always the white knight of chivalry. In days gone by, I have sat on the platform with Gladstone and Morley, and burned with enthusiasm to hear them speak greatly on great themes; but I say with full knowledge and conviction, that Morel at his best could be named proudly in the same breath with them. What lofty ideals! What vision! How acute the perceptions! How clear the delineations! How the tangle unravelled and the crooked became straight as the argument proceeded! How lucid the analysis, and how irrefutable the conclusion! Again and again I thought—Here is Britain's heaven-sent future Foreign Minister—Here is the chosen hero to achieve the labor of Hercules and bring from the International Hesperides the golden apples of peace! But to die at fifty-one!—"The pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"

While I was yet a lad, the great legend of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table captured my imagination; and, in this later and sadder age, Morel stands to me as a modern version of my ideal knight, a very star of chivalry, with pen and tongue riding abroad redressing human wrong. His election agent in Dundee—an old friend of my own—and a typical Scot, told me that when E. D. M. first spoke of his ideas as a candidate for the representation of the city, he the agent, hard-headed Scot as he was, could scarce keep back his tears—"I wanted to take the man in my arms." "For," said this strange candidate, "I do not wish to get into Parliament merely as a politician, but for the good I can do on behalf of the poor, friendless and oppressed," with more to the same effect, "If you do not wish or need that sort of member for Dundee, do not invite me to stand."

As shortly as I can, let me sum up my impressions of Morel's high character. I like to know that he was a lover of solitude, which is the nursery of great souls. He could go with crowds, but his strength was nourished in quiet English villages, among his flowers, considering the ways of those fragile children of God known as *moths*. His nature was one of singular sincerity and simplicity, lofty mind, indomitable will, immense moral courage, yet withal of extreme gentleness, sensitiveness and even delicacy of spirit, shy, and as he said, "no small talk in him." His principal characteristics I take to be a severe conscientiousness, scrupulous accuracy of mind, faithfulness to reality, and heroic obstinacy. Many honest men are not accurate, they do not sufficiently strive to be well informed; they do not weigh the meaning of words. But Morel was both scientifically accurate and puritanically truthful. He might be howled down, libeled, imprisoned, but not confuted. He never spoke till he knew. A dangerous man for tyrants! Therefore he was the best hated man of this period.

Many of his friends had a notion that, without loss of honor, he might have been a little less painstaking in his declarations, a little less outspoken, a little more round-about, a little more careful of other peoples' prejudices—in short, a little more diplomatic, to use the very word which to him was anathema. For my own part, I stand with him as against some of the party men. Truth is more precious than tactics. "I cannot play the hypocrite among you," he wrote to the Birkenhead electors; which is the nearest thing to self-

confession I have known him say for, with a nature stored to the ceiling with fine and sensitive elements, he remained through every ordeal wonderfully reticent and self-contained. He did not wear his heart on his sleeve. He never posed or preached. He appeared to think that a citizen could best serve the State of which he was a member by speaking the truth about it and to it. In the end, a country is better served by knowing the minds of its honest citizens than by the cowardly acquiescence which often passes for patriotism. Farewell,

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again.

Though the end was premature by many a good year, it was in perfect harmony with the character of which I have tried to give a rough impression; it was indeed "well and fair, and what may quiet us in a death so noble." Death came to him, a Nature-lover, in one of Nature's loveliest scenes and tenderest moods. In glorious Devon, in a part well known and loved, he walked with a friend through the woods to the heights overlooking the valley, over which was rising a full moon. "This gives me new life," he said, as he drew the moorland air; but next moment, "I feel queer—don't be alarmed"—lay down to rest a little, and so died.

All that was left of him was privately cremated without rite or ceremony; but a public Memorial Service was afterwards arranged in an Anglican church with a presiding clergyman, and no word from one of the friends who knew and loved him. Many came away hungry, tearful, and dissatisfied. At another time and in another place a small group of friends mourned their common bereavement, and after they had spoken of him, they sang; their affections were not bound; they followed him with their thoughts and desires; and this is what they sang:

> How can we cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
> In God's great universe thou art to-day;
> Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
> Can he not hear us when for thee we pray?
>
> What matters it to him who holds within
> The hollow of his hands all worlds, all space,
> That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
> Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.
>
> Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of him:
> Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
> And, somewhere still there may be valleys dim
> That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.
>
> Then all the more, because thou canst not hear,
> Poor human words of blessing will we pray,
> O true, brave heart! God bless thee wheresoe'er
> In God's great universe thou art to-day!

London, England. WALTER WALSH.

Morel and the Great War.

The name of Edmund Dene Morel has not been as persistently kept before the world as those of many others who, since the Great War, have striven to help or hinder humanity in its struggle to find healing for its wounds. But this is not because he has not given as greatly as any in the effort to expel the poison from our international life and to show the peoples of the warring nations the path to a saner, sweeter world. When the Muse of History, whose judgments are not warped by the exigencies of the moment, at last shall write the record of his time, the name of Morel will stand high among those who strove mightily and to the last full measure to help mankind in its sorest hour.

Morel's impetuous nature did not wait for a world war before he dedicated himself to the service of his fellow-man. Many millions of black men and women in Africa owe their freedom from slavery and its brutalities to his unswerving devotion. He had never seen them but he felt their wrongs as keenly as if these poor and oppressed ones had been his neighbors.

That was Morel. Wrong was wrong to him wherever it might be. And to fight it was his duty. That it was not his wrong; that he personally did not suffer; was not sufficient reason for him to ignore it and go upon his way. Wrong aroused the protest, the fight, in Morel as surely as would a personal affront in another.

Yet he was no Quixote. He had the sympathy and the sincerity of the knight of La Mancha, but he could not bide his futility. Morel must fight the great wrong; he must fight it effectively; and he must win. Rather was he the Crusader, sacrificing all that was near and dear, seeking a combat in which he must suffer wounds and hardship, that the great ideals of mankind might be kept alive.

The Great Congo struggle won, all England paid homage to the man who had won this noble victory. He was acclaimed through the land as a great Englishman, worthy of England's best traditions. He was then forty and with these laurels on his brow he might have felt well content with the part he had played in the world.

But in the fight against Congo slavery Morel had come across the slimy trail of international intrigue and devious diplomacy. He had found the militarists at their old game of making a war. To his infinite disgust, he had found in England and in France, equally his homelands, groups of men in the seats of power who were playing a hand in this fearful game, gambling with the lives and happiness of millions of their fellows whose fortunes had been entrusted to their care.

Laurels or no laurels, Morel could not rest. Here was a monster threatening to bring upon the peoples of Europe worse horrors than those from which his work had saved the people of Africa. Morel saw it and what it was doing. He could not keep quiet. He would not be stilled. He published the portentous truth in a closely-documented volume which is awesome reading today. Published nearly three years before August of 1914, it reads like the findings of the latest research into the causes of the war. Only now is the fog of propaganda becoming sufficiently dispelled for the world to see the truth that was in what Morel wrote in 1911.

Here was a prophet indeed—a prophet whose words not only breathed inspiration but cited chapter and page. Like many another prophet he brought down upon his head the wrath of the high-priests. Those who wielded the tremendous powers of government in England marked this man as dangerous to them. They could not silence him until the crash of the very cataclysm against which he cried out gave them their opportunity. By as wicked a procedure as ever disgraced the name of English justice, Morel was convicted of a technical violation of a war decree. The violation was all unwitting on his part and not the slightest harm had been

done. Nonetheless he must serve a sentence of six months in jail. The voice of the prophet could not be heard beyond the prison-walls to disturb the high-priests at their idolatries.

Morel's warning had come too late and had been too little heeded to save the peoples from the martyrdom of the war. The intriguers, the gamesters had had their way and Europe must lie maimed and bleeding amidst its ruins to pay their forfeits.

In the midst of the welter Morel clearly saw his task. The people of England must take the control of foreign affairs from the little group in the Foreign Office and themselves fix the terms of the bonds whose penalties they must pay. With Ramsay MacDonald and others Morel founded the Union for Democratic Control and he took upon himself the task of editing its organ, *Foreign Affairs,* which has been his chief weapon in the fight.

Morel knew as few men know the falsity of the idea that the sole guilt for the war was Germany's. Germany was guilty; but so was Russia, so was his France; so was his England. There was no possibility of peace and healing in Europe so long as what he called "the lie of Germany's sole guilt" remained at the root of international polity. To the eradication of that lie he devoted himself with all the intense sincerity of which he was the embodiment.

That he lived to see many of his fellow-countrymen convinced, that he lived to receive the extraordinary vindication at the polls when the people of Dundee ousted one of the war-chiefs and sent Morel to Westminster in his stead, was a matter of deepest gratification to Morel's friends. But to Morel these were but incidents in the great fight for the control of British foreign policy by the British people. That fight must yet be won and to it he devoted every ounce of his vitality until he dropped dead in his tracks.

There is a vast deal yet to be done before humanity ceases to suffer the pain of the Great War. The healing forces in England, in Europe, in the world are sadly weakened by the passing of this man. The world will miss a great leader in its quest for truth and right. Beyond this loss, some few will mourn always the going of the white soul, the sweet personality, the dynamic sincerity, the inspiring enthusiasm, the utter unselfishness, the satisfying friend, that was Edmund Dene Morel.

New York City. HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

E. D. Morel, Champion of Peace

His death cuts short the most truly glorious career of any Englishman of our time.—*John A. Hobson.*

May I offer my humble eulogy upon the splendid character of Edmund Dene Morel, Labour M. P., whose death has not only deprived all those who loved him of a great friend, but England of one of her finest men in this generation, and the world of a champion of justice and peace.

Upon all occasions he faced the truth, and nothing could deter him from exercising it. But as Charles Trevelyn, Labour M. P., says, "Many men have the passion of truth and even die for truth, but Morel had something more. He had an instinct in *finding* truth." He would make no compromise with what he felt was detrimental to the object he had in view. He had a moral principle back of everything he said and did. He can be compared with Gandhi and Romain Rolland, although so different, for bravery in fighting for truth and world peace, and for fearless endeavor toward righting wrongs—a fearlessness that sprang from the courage of his convictions. In a letter to a friend, written on the day of his death, he very characteristically says: "I have no use for, and no place in, public life if I am compelled, being in it, to act in a way which I know to be morally wrong and destructive of my own self-respect."—(*New Leader, Eng.*)

Morel had great charm and magnetism, and a fine physique which, no doubt, was impaired by the nervous strain incident to his imprisonment during the war, and which probably was contributory to his untimely end.

In January last, Ramsay MacDonald (at that time Premier) and several other members of the British Government urged that E. D. Morel be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Thirty-two Bishops and Canons, writing to the Norwegian Nobel Committee, recommending that the Nobel Peace Prize for 1924 be awarded him, said:

We believe that his work for 1900 onwards has rightly entitled him to the very high place he occupies among those who have sought for world peace and the establishment of that rule of justice, truth and generosity upon which alone it can be founded.

Also the members of the Azor Expedition for Scientific Research added their recommendation of E. D. Morel for the Nobel Prize, because of his "noble activity devoted to the elimination of everything that forms a blot on the face of humanity."

Morel has succumbed to the rigors of his campaign for humanity—"Greater love hath no man." His cause survives him. His early passing affords the Norwegian Nobel Committee a unique opportunity both to perpetuate his personality and to continue his work by making E. D. Morel the posthumous recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize for 1924. An "E. D. Morel Foundation for Peace," endowed by the Norwegian Nobel Committee, could be made to render incalculable service for internationalism. Could a peace prize be given in memory of a more noble and worthy human being? And Morel's daughter Stella—long his efficient adjutant, "right-hand man" and beloved comrade, would be an ideal administrator of such an endowment.

His brilliant speeches in the House of Commons, to which he was elected in 1922, 1923 and 1924, were characterized by an unparalleled candor and fearlessness. They should be printed for everyone to read, as they provide a liberal education in both politics and idealism. For instance, Morel's moral passion is at white heat when he responds to a sneering member who wanted to know how Britain could stop the other countries from arming, and he proclaims: "If you want peace, you must face the truth, proclaim it and act upon it." And again, when he is taunted regarding the Russian imbroglio, he asserts: "The time has come when this house must discuss the situation it has produced, must face it with open eyes," etc., etc.

Unflinchingly he flings unanswerable defiance at se-

cret diplomacy which, he asserts, received its apotheosis in the Treaty of Versailles:

If there is one thing upon which members who sit on the back benches in this part agree, without any difference of opinion, it is that never again, if and so far as we can prevent it, will a Government of this country, whatever its complexion, be in a position to commit us without our knowledge and behind our backs in secret treaties, or, what is more dangerous, diplomatic and military agreements which have as binding a force as formal treaties.

H. N. Brailsford, editor of *The New Leader,* in speaking of E. D. Morel, says:

The Labour movement has lost one of the biggest and certainly the bravest of its leaders. A party of pioneers is always rich in character, for it lives by courage. But not even in our early pioneering days was there any man among us who possessed the uncalculating daring, the spirit of challenge and defiance which distinguished Morel.

In a letter received from Miss Morel before he died, she writes:

The police estimate of the crowd that saw my father off from Dundee back to London was twenty thousand. No such crowds have ever gathered in Dundee before. He won the election by personality and his reputation for clean fighting. He increased his poll from 1923 by ten thousand votes. How many conservatives in this last election can claim as clean a campaign and as honestly won a victory?

It was a great privilege to have known him, loved and honored him, as did everyone who knew him. In 1923, after my return from London, I sent him a cable asking:

What is the best way America can help in world reconstruction?

His answer was sent to all the leading newspapers, U. S. Senators and other prominent men in America, and read at and broadcasted from the Foreign Policy Association of New York. It is so fine in outline that I feel it should be reprinted here as E. D. Morel's "testament" to the world:

America can best help to save the World from further catastrophe by initiating, or co-operating with Great Britain in suggesting, a World conference for the purpose of:

1. Enabling the German people to resume a national life free from external interference, and to recover financially and economically.

2. Securing a wide measure of disarmament among all the nations in every branch of war organization.

3. Abolishing the private manufacture of armaments.

4. Establishing a scientific rationing of the world's raw materials in order to prevent imperialist economics, especially in particularly weak or uncivilized communities.

5. Creating, either through the existing League of Nations strengthened and reformed, or through some other medium, an international mechanism designed to be a substitution for the institution of war; and to examine with impartiality the economic, political and racial problems of all states with a view to providing for their respective needs without their being driven to war in the attempt to secure them.

6. Recognizing Russia.

7. Ensuring the neutralization, on some such plans as that laid down in "Africa and the Peace of Europe" and in "The Black Man's Burden," of the greater part of Africa including also the tropical regions; and abolishing the militarization of Africa.

"1" involves the wide revision of the Versailles Treaty.

"5" The latter part of this involves a re-examination of all the Peace Treaties of 1919 with a view to the protection of racial mniorities.

E. D. Morel was too ill to answer when informed of the fine reception of his letter, but he sent me word, saying, "I am delighted to know that my message has been so widely distributed."

At the end of E. D. Morel's powerful prose poem to all governments, he wrote:

In God's name, who and what are you that do these things? Whence your right to rule, to govern, to administer? Does warning of a wrath to come not cross the threshold of your complacency? Deem you limitless the toleration of the Peoples?

The editor of *The New Leader,* in a eulogistic article, says in sincere praise:

Few men of his years (he was 51 when he died, Nov. 12, 1924) have left behind them a nobler achievement for humanity. His work remains. He was capable of much more, and to our grief at the death of a friend and a comrade as lovable as he was strong, there is added the bitter sense of an unreplaceable loss. Never were we in sorer need of such courage and simplicity as his. Never was it so necessary to seek our examples in the lives of such men as Hardie and Morel.

I would like to quote from a letter to me Bertrand Russell's tribute:

I felt Morel's death very deeply. At every moment one is made to realize what a terrible loss he is.

And again, to quote from the man who knew him so well, Arthur Ponsonby, M. P.:

There was something of the genius and the giant in E. D. Morel's makeup.

The great urge in him was for the brotherhood of mankind, and his efforts for peace and for the outlawry of war were untiring. Like Gandhi, he served the moral law within him,—the law of Love. The following words of Gandhi's message (published in *The New Orient*) might just as well have been an affirmation by Morel himself of his life-long principle:

There is no escape for man or woman, black or white, or for the East or the West except through innocence (non-violence) and truth.

"What do you suppose will satisfy the soul, except to walk free and own no superior?" asked Walt Whitman.

Morel walked free and walked alone through those mental and spiritual paths of suffering and exaltation.

New York City. JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD.

To E. D. Morel

Dauntless he walked, breast forward, pressing to his goal;
Scorned every compromise that would his soul betray;
Held Truth his oriflamme, nor feared the scourging way
Which immemorial time has patterned for Truth's dole.

For UNITY. MARY CRUTTENDEN PERCY.

The Human Morel

One wonders whether a being is entitled to be called human who has not safely and absolutely passed beyond the willingness to kill. This "goes" for murder, capital punishment, or war.

Makers of war and rumors of war, international alliances and ententes defensive and offensive, even leagues of nations that recognize war as their joint ultimate weapon,—these are all sublimated survivals of the subhuman period of this race of animals struggling towards divinity.

It is only with some such extreme conception and statement of the supreme and inviolable sanctity of human life that one can understand and match E. D. Morel's attitude towards war. He was just human—thoroughly, religiously, passionately human. Therefore, he could see the brutal business of war-making as nothing less than beastly,—a murderous treason to our humanity, an intolerable heresy to our divinity.

No wonder then that Morel's spirit becomes incandescent when he faces this common crime of war! Though patriotism, nationalism, democracy—and whatever other high-sounding and really worthy ideality—may seek to sublimate war, his honest, human soul will not see war as anything better than murder—just murder.

And so he has no patience with palliatives. With straightforward courage and characteristic candor, he tells the Governments of the earth that their gestures are play acting, their pacific words mere make-believe, their conferences absurd, their universal arming nothing but preparation for further mutual massacre sure to bring the end of their "senseless, criminal, inhuman institutions."

If space permitted, it would be well here to reproduce Morel's flaming "Address to the Rulers who led their People to the Shambles in the World War." Written for the tenth anniversary of the subhuman world's vastest blood spree, this passionate protest fairly burns the pages on which it is printed. He exposes the plot and counter-plot, the rivalry of fiendish astuteness wherewith the way of Death is prepared for the multitudes. He unmasks the hypocrisy wherewith the cynicism of Governments covers their murderous purposes under such shining masks as Liberty, Justice, Progress, Security, Peace. He castigates the blasphemy of slaughtering in the name of a Loving God and a Merciful Christ!

He shows them callous to the killing of millions, he pictures the infinite martyrdom and sacrifice, the holocaust of suffering by peoples that have been taught, and who have learned to love one another and who for the sake of this orgy of murder must be educated into the lust of hate! Christ groans on the Cross and the Spirit of God sickens of our planet!

And then his final challenge to Governments—and his appeal, over their heads, to the Peoples of the earth: *"In God's name, who and what are you that do these things? Whence your right to rule? To govern? To administer? Does warning of a wrath to come not cross the threshold of your complacency?*

"Deem you limitless the toleration of the Peoples? . . ."

If war-mad Europe wants the real reason for friendly America's emphatic unwillingness to join the League of Nations, let her seek it not in national selfishness, or cynical isolation, or unimaginative indifference. But let her find the reason in *our human instinct for peace,* voiced by a Romain Rolland, a William E. Borah, an E. D. Morel—whom we hail as a Prophet because he is *just human.*

Obviously, there is only one way to honor effectively the memory of a man like Morel. That is by obeying your human impulse towards peace and by your readiness to work for it NOW, when war-makers are trying to establish unhuman war as a permanent factor in human affairs, and THEN to make every sacrifice for peace, when war again threatens our common humanity.

New York City. CHARLES FLEISCHER.

"That Superb Humanitarian"

The tributes already paid to the memory of E. D. Morel have been remarkable alike for their fervor and spontaneity. Many beautiful and just things have been said about him. Some of these, moreover, have come from unexpected quarters: a striking example of how the power of truth can on occasion dispel temperamental and political inhibitions.

I avail myself of the opportunity extended me by the Editors of UNITY to tender a word of personal homage to the memory of E. D. Morel with an acute sense of loss—personal and international. My purpose is less to dilate on a career than to participate in an act of reverence.

Julia Ellsworth Ford has reminded me in the last few days that, in the course of a letter I wrote her under date October 18, 1924, and addressed to London where she then was, I used the following words:

> It is an inspiration to see how that superb humanitarian, E. D. Morel, never wearies in well-doing. May he be long spared to carry on the crusade against the forces of darkness!

And all too soon and unexpectedly he has passed away. My personal feelings and attitude towards E. D. Morel, I think, are sufficiently indicated in the above-quoted reference. I personally met him in 1920—an unforgettable contact—but, of course, I had known of him and been inspired by him for many long years.

E. D. Morel was one of a very small group of Englishmen whose lives and life-work helped redeem the imperialistic immoralities of their government in the East. But the range and appeal of Mr. Morel were universal. His memory cannot but endure. No one in this generation backed his "faith in the ultimate decency of things" more heroically than E. D. Morel. He united a dauntless courage with an unrelenting adherence to principle. In the task of reconstruction that lies ahead of the world, we could do with a few more men possessed of Mr. Morel's passion for justice and flaming indignation against all falsehood and cruelty. May his example continue to inspire those who remain as fellow-servants of the Cause!

New York City. SYUD HOSSAIN.

E. D. Morel: The Tribute of Liberalism

If we were in search of a man and a career which might be cited as an example of something possible, and natural, in England, but unimaginable elsewhere, not a few among us would answer, Edmund Dene Morel. He was an extraordinary man, his life a romance of public action, his tragedy a bitter thing.

You could not think of him as half a Frenchman. Physically he was a Briton of the masterful type, in build not unlike Ramsay MacDonald. He had a fine carriage, and, especially after years and grief had silvered it, a noble head. He was always confident, dominant; many said arrogant. His drive was terrific. Wherever he was, there was energy and storm. His life was conflict. The idea of non-resistance had no meaning for him. When the Press reviled him as pacifist, his inner scorn must have been fierce. When Ramsay MacDonald and Bishop Gore presented him for the Nobel Peace Prize, the abode of Thor and Odin should have rung with laughter.

The history of modern world philanthropy contains nothing to compare with the Congo Reform movement. In strategy, and in success, it was unique. Morel, if one may mix the images, was its architect, its champion, its spearhead. But he was not its initiator. A few fine pioneers—notably Thomas Hodgkin, the Quaker historian, Fox-Bourne, of the Aborigines' Protection Society, and Sir Charles Dilke—had broken the ground. Roger Casement and the missionaries supplied the smashing documentary proof. Cromer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other men in eminent positions, brought the Governments in. But Morel was the challenging and rallying centre. His was the genius for publicity. It was he, mainly, who enlisted that unequalled battalion of statesmen and churchmen, commercial magnates, editors, men of letters and science, who, from 1908 to 1912, combined to destroy the Leopold *régime*. It was the shortest of crusades, for at the end of eight years the Association was disbanded, its work being done.

From the Congo to Morocco. Morel, who held the most definite convictions on the destiny of Africa as the black man's continent, was an implacable enemy of white exploitation. But he drew a line between the Imperialisms of Europe. The Belgian and French in his eyes were vile. The British, particularly as directed by Sir Edward Grey, was wicked. The German, he seems to have been persuaded, was capable of redemption. Morocco he envisaged as the central nursery of wars. His book on its secret diplomacy (not nearly so secret, as the official records show, as he maintained) has furnished the critics of Britain with more ammunition than was available before the publication of the secret treaties in 1917. He believed the Grey policy to be working out in the ruin of Europe; and hence his stand in 1914 was inevitable. With Norman Angell, Arthur Ponsonby, and C. P. Trevelyan (but, in the first stage, without Ramsay MacDonald), he founded the Union of Democratic Control. The work of that body, with its group of courageous and untiring speakers, and their record of an unbroken series of meetings, for the discussion of the roots of war and the bases of peace, is to be honored as a fine piece of English public service. Morel, once more, was the centre of storm. A Buxton might reason sweetly, or a Snowden sharply; Morel, as always, invited conflict. He provoked an intense and envenomed hate. A knot of personal enemies pursued him day by day with immitigable rancor. In the long history of English controversy there has been nothing more curious, there have been few things more mean, than the hunting of Morel by Cecil Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. The authorities, naturally, were eager enough to get him. They believed he was theirs under the Conscription Acts. He was, indeed, within the age, but not up to the standard of fitness. The police combed his office and his home, without result. The man was invulnerable. But a woman friend, a distinguished novelist, offered to carry a parcel of U. D. C. pamphlets for him to Romain Rolland in Switzerland, and Morel thereby came within the grasp of Dora. He made the mistake of not conducting his own case. His counsel offered no defense, and the upshot was six months in jail. Morel was outraged by this treatment; and more deeply outraged, doubtless, by the fact that (though John Morley sent him his "Recollections" to cheer the prison cell) none of the great ones of the earth who had applauded his devotion and followed his lead in the Congo stood by him when the hounds of the Press had their teeth in his flesh.

As the war was ending Morel joined the I.L.P. Already known as a born pamphleteer, and as a platform speaker who could make Labour audiences excited over foreign affairs, he laid siege to Dundee. His triumph there over Winston Churchill, with the "dry" evangelist Scrymgeour heading the poll, was the most sensational event of the 1922 election. There was no man in the new House more assured than he of a place among the small company of great private members, though anyone might see that the House for him could be no spiritual home. In his private life, Morel was ideally happy. His intimates were few, but devoted. The garden of his Hertfordshire home was his refuge and solace. We English are said to love independence, and to worship courage. E. D. Morel was independence incarnate; and, whatever may be the truth about the things for which he fought, he was as brave a man as England in our time has known.—*The Nation* (*London*).

How shall we honor them, our Deathless Dead?
How keep their mighty memories alive?
In him who feels their passion, they survive!
Flatter their souls with deed, and all is said!
In the heroic soul their souls create
Is raised remembrance past the reach of fate.
The will to serve and bear,
The will to love and dare,
And take for God unprofitable risk—
These things, these things will utter praise and pæan
Louder than lyric thunders Æschylean;
These things will build our dead unwasting obelisk.

—*Edwin Markham.*

The Chorus of Praise

From J. Ramsay MacDonald:

The death of E. D. Morel is far more than a personal loss. In a very real sense he was the embodiment of causes and principles. He was a public man *par excellence;* his interests lay in men and the world; he cared for justice, for truth, for high endeavor. He took himself, his ideas, and his work seriously. He knew that they counted in the sum total of things. He fashioned movements. He has left behind him wide fields of ripening fruit that others will be blessed whilst gathering. His method was that upon which all great fights for truth must proceed. He mastered his facts. On the subjects which he made his own few men were better informed. His moral energy had at its command the most formidable assemblage of rational weapons that could be brought together. Hence it is that Time which has already justified him will go on justifying him.

Progress needs the services of all kinds of minds—those that conciliate and those that challenge. Morel was of the latter. He never eased the battle on himself; he fought out the whole of it. The way of such men is not smooth, indeed it is very rough and hard. And when, as was the case of Morel, it was a very sensitive man who was pursuing it, his lot is doubly hard. Nobody but his nearest and dearest can tell the Gethsemanes of agony which he went through during the persecuting years of the war, especially when he was enduring the monstrous injustice of the Pentonville sentence. Those were days of martyrdom. And yet he never thought of surrender. He saw the truth and he was its loyally obedient servant. The tiers of our Colosseums yelled; he endured the terrors of the arena, and continued to utter his testimony. So it is that when the events of these times become history, the narrative will be on the lines of Morel's pamphlets, not on those of his critics. His reputation is safe in Time's keeping. He calmly awaits till the dawn breaks and the clouds flee away.

A man who loved the roses and the flowers of his garden, who found companionship in the wind and the sun of the mossy Devon, whose treasure was at his own fireside with his wife and family, and who nevertheless went out to fight the stiff battles of the world, is of the chosen few—the elect.

One may be pardoned on envying him his end. A glorious victory achieved, a further vindication recorded; the joy of more work in his heart; the future radiant with promise; the open moors and the wind blowing across them; the cry: "Oh, this air gives me new life"; then the dark and the translation to "other lives on other heights, God willing." A great life and a great end. The pain of achieving is lost in the attainment.

From J. R. Clynes:

A fine character and public-spirited servant has gone, and we are the poorer for his loss. He has left an inspiring record of effective work and sacrifice, and his name will be honored by men and women of goodwill.

From Philip Snowden:

While still under the first emotion of shock caused by the news of the sudden death of Mr. Morel it is difficult to express one's feelings. We must wait for calmer moments to try adequately to do justice to the memory of this intrepid and courageous fighter for truth, and to sum up the record of his work for the victims of oppression. His loss is irreparable. We lose not only his unflinching courage, but his unrivalled knowledge of international problems. But he has left to us the example of an honest, brave, and fearless champion of righteous but unpopular causes, and we will try to carry on his unfinished work in his spirit, inspired by our affection for him and by our admiration of his great work.

From Charles Trevelyan:

The quality which made E. D. Morel what he was was not merely the passion for truth. That many men have. Many will suffer and spend their tireless efforts and even die for truth, which has come home to them as lasting conviction. Morel had something more. He had an instinct in finding the truth, which to some of us who saw him at work was almost uncanny. He knew what ugly work was afoot almost before its perpetrators knew it themselves. That was what made him to be so much hated by the exploiters and war-mongers. He frequently exposed them before they were well on their way. One instance I remember well. It was at the time when all people of goodwill were in despair over Lloyd George's so-called peace. It seemed that there could be nothing worse to come. We were weary of the malignity of the rulers, with no wrath left for worse developments. Morel had discovered the use of black troops by the French army of occupation, had already piles of evidence of their misdeeds, had thought out all the future significance of this supreme insult, and was boiling with a steady rage. I was tired of it all and inclined to be doubtful. But I was not allowed to remain tired and could not remain doubtful. The whole ugly truth was found out, exposed, made common property in England many months before a weary and reluctant public would have heard of it otherwise.

But much the greatest of Morel's discoveries was his unheeded warning of the coming of the Great War, his exposure of the policy centering round Morocco, of the tendencies of French chauvinism, and of the part being prepared by English diplomacy. Sooner or later the silly fable of the sole guilt of the war will cease to have official recognition as it has already long ceased to be part of the conviction of any, except old men and women. But be it remembered that before the war ever came Morel had written books exposing at least part of the intrigues, follies, and aggravations of rulers on all sides which led up to the catastrophe. I say frankly for myself that if Morel had not written I should never have known whither we were drifting and should have accepted the commonplace of the injured innocence of Sir Edward Grey, like any other ill-informed patriot. At such times as 1914 it is a very uncomfortable business being well ahead of your contemporaries in knowledge of the real situation. But unpleasant as it was having to refuse to be a party to the most momentous action ever taken by a British Government, I shall remain to the end profoundly grateful to the man who had revealed to me enough of the truth to enable me to know how to make my decision.

From Arthur Ponsonby:

I hardly think I can add anything to what I myself have written elsewhere, and to what is contained in the many tributes to our dear friend in so far as his public

work is concerned. But I should like to express one regret that on reflection during the days since his death has occupied my thoughts a good deal. That regret is that more people did not know him personally. He was of so shy and retiring a disposition that for years he could not be persuaded to join a club. This was largely due to his over-absorption in his work, but it was also due to the home which yielded him all he wanted in the way of relaxation, and gave him the love and sympathy that were so precious to him. To go out from his home to his work and to return from his office to his home was the routine that suited him best. He seemed unaware of his exceptional social gift and charm. Parliamentary life, however, necessarily brought him out into the open rather more, and many instances I know of men who had been suspicious of him from what they had heard succumbing immediately to the fascination of his unexpectedly agreeable personality. Had he enlarged his circle of acquaintances he would have enlarged his circle of friends, for I could quote many examples of men and women, some of them political opponents, who have expressed to me within the last two or three years their lively satisfaction and pleasure at having made his personal acquaintance. I know of no single case of anyone who knew him personally expressing dislike of him. If he was misunderstood therefore it was largely because he was unknown. And a public man who is unknown becomes an easy target for calumny. He never courted popularity, and he was too sparing of his great gift of friendship which he preferred to reserve for very few. There must have been many among those who came publicly under the spell of his charm who longed for closer acquaintance with him. But he was not easily accessible. It was as if he were reluctant to dissipate any of his energy in social intercourse. If it had been otherwise he would not have been what he was, and I would not have had him different, so perhaps I need not have even this regret.

From T. P. O'Connor, M. P.:

I cannot write of him as intimately as I should be able to do with regard to most outstanding personalities in the House, for I had no personal acquaintance with him. He had a very stormy career, at one period nationally popular and at a later stage markedly unpopular. He had strong and even fanatical feelings as a pacifist, feelings so strong that, as is known, he was prosecuted and sent to prison during the war because of certain correspondence which was strongly pacifist in tone. There was something in his air that suggested this fanaticism, but a fanaticism very well grounded in knowledge and in hard work, for there was no better authority than he on the diplomatic and secret history of his times. Whatever opinions he expressed he backed by facts, quotations, figures, by a statement of them that was clear, well arranged, and well thought out. This thorough knowledge of facts, this power of putting them clearly before the House and by his pen, accounted for the very dominating position he seemed to have in the councils of the Labor party.

Though he had no office in the late Labor Ministry, he was, I believe, one of the great forces in the party, and possibly it would be no exaggeration to say that he was on foreign policy generally almost a dominating force; or, perhaps, to be more accurate—for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald allowed little interference even by his own colleagues in the Ministry in the direction of his foreign policy—Mr. Morel was a dominating force in the group of members who intervened now and then in the name of the rank and file with the counsels of the Ministry; now and then even, if rumor be true, deflected the Ministry in their course. I should place him among the most powerful, if not the most powerful, of the Extremist section—not the Communist section; I don't think he had any leanings that way—but in pacifism. His own position was that, though he sincerely hated German militarism, he hated equally the foreign offices, including our own, and urged that their policy helped to lead up to the conflagration.

His devotion to the cause of peace made him regard some of the rulers of France since the war, and especially under the régime of M. Poincaré, as belonging to that group of militarists whom we should call Jingoes —and the gravest danger to the resettlement of Europe. This bias may also account for the fact that he was one of the first among the public men of this country who boldly stated the doctrine that war was not so much the creation alone of the militarism of Germany as of the secret diplomacy against which he always warred. He scouted in his writings and speeches, and he had the courage to scout on the floor of the House, the idea held almost universally in this country —that the War was an aggressive war by Germany and due to Germany's fault alone. This, like all his other opinions, he backed by a careful and well-arranged statement of facts drawn from the public and secret correspondence of the period. Whatever might be urged against his unpopular opinions, there could be no doubt that he had the courage of his opinions, and a great power of giving to them the certainty and the frankness of a man convinced of what he said. . .

It seemed a daring and hopeless enterprise when he stood as a candidate for Dundee against so formidable an opponent as Mr. Winston Churchill—then a powerful and very successful figure in the House of Commons—and perhaps his candidature was not assisted by being connected, at least remotely, with that of Mr. Scrymgeour—a very strong, not to say fanatical, advocate of compulsory temperance. Mr. Churchill, besides, had an appeal to sympathy in the fact that he had to undergo a serious operation in the course of the election or immediately before; and that he had to rise from a sick bed, with all the marks still visible of the trying experience through which he had gone. However, Mr. Morel successfully confronted this combination of circumstances against him and won the seat. The hold he then got on the great Scotch city he was able to retain. He had not the time to make as prominent a position in the House of Commons as he might have done, but when he did speak it was with effectiveness. He had an excellent Parliamentary manner, and the careful collection and arrangement of facts gave his speech a considerable impressiveness. His appearance, also, was in his favor. He was very tall, above 6 ft. in height; he had a thin, alert body; he had a handsome face, with good eyes and a mass of grey hair; he looked like a French gentleman of good family. He had also the power—though to a certain extent he was an aloof figure—of making friends and admirers. Among his other activities must be numbered the creation of the Union of Democratic Control—an organization which aimed at transferring the control of foreign policy and its main authority over peace and war from the Foreign Office and the Ministry of the day to the House of Commons—as is done by the creation of committees in

the French and other Legislatures. There is something disturbing and even tragic in the sudden disappearance by the unsuspected and unexpected hand of death which struck down a man whose every movement, intellectual and physical, seemed to reveal boundless and ever fresh energy. It was his misfortune to estrange those who did not know him by the extremeness of his views, and especially amid the agonized moments of the War.

From the Hon. Bertrand Russell:

E. D. Morel was one of those rare figures—perhaps even rarer in this country than in France—who are dominated by a single-minded love of justice and humanity. Neither friend nor foe, neither persecution nor praise, could turn him aside from the endeavor to find out and proclaim the truth, whether about the Congo, the war, or the "peace." While he lived, one knew that there was in England one man who not only would not be deterred by considerations of expediency, but would devote a fiery energy and a dogged industry to the endeavor to enlighten his country as to the wrongs which were being committed in its name. I respected and loved him as much as any man I have ever known. The campaign of persecution and vilification which was directed against him (which did not cease with his death) marked the fear which he inspired in evil-doers; it was a tribute to the success of his work. If he had lived in quieter times, the world might never have known the extent of his courage. To have known him is to me, as to so many others, a source of inspiration and of hope for mankind.

From G. Lowes Dickinson:

I think it is a public loss of the most lamentable kind. For no one can take his place, in knowledge, energy, and public spirit. He has had a hard fight against every sort of prejudice and misrepresentation, but his success at the election must have convinced him that he had lived that down. I read with disgust the kind of articles published by *The Times*, and even the *Daily News*. Please let me also say that I feel with you in what must be a great personal loss.

From Henry W. Nevinson:

There will be many to praise E. D. Morel for his courage, his strength of character, and his charm of manner. No one could admire all those qualities in him more than I long have done. But let me speak on two other points only.

First I would notice his enormous power of work and concentration. Many endowed with his talent would have frittered it away, but for years he concentrated upon the one great struggle to save the native races of the Congo, and I am one of those who can judge what labor that struggle involved. As a poor and unknown clerk, he had ranged against him the hideous forces of speculative wealth, royal influence, and international diplomacy. Whenever I even attempted to sound the depths of the iniquity that was gathered to thwart his purpose, I felt as though I were wallowing about in a dark and bottomless bog, haunted by evil and impalpable ghosts. The very chests containing his correspondence and documents would fill a large room. The determination and unflinching toil with which he pursued his aim would raise anyone to the highest position in any State, but he never turned away from his one purpose of redeeming the Congo tribes from abominable cruelty.

The other point I would notice is his patient endurance of atrocious obloquy, poured out upon him in regard both to the Congo and the war as soon as the war began. Men of high reputation in literature did not disdain to vilify and assault him with every weapon of insolent wit, well knowing that no reply of his would be listened to in the prevailing popular hysteria. Sensitive almost to a fault though he was, yet he endured. Here, too, he never flinched from the truth, and here too he won his way to the esteem of all but those yapping curs whose uncouth noises we try to disregard, though in our hearts we wish their efforts would choke them.

From Josiah C. Wedgwood:

He was a gallant fighter for Truth, for desperate causes, for men and peoples who could give no thanks. One loved him for it, for his unselfish gallantry. But there have been gallant men before E. D. Morel and there will be gallant men again—amateurs of liberty. What we never had before was the combination of crusader and accountant. He believed in doing the job thoroughly and well. His balance sheet balanced; he liquidated the affair, and showed assets 20s. in the £.

We others waved the sword and charged our enemies, defying the lightning, loving the limelight, reckless of our equipment and support. We recognized them as enemies. But he—he who had more enemies than any man in public life—he had an almost pathetic faith in those enemies. If he could only show them the truth they must believe. His heart was so right, his equipment so perfect, ever more and more convincingly perfect—surely these reasonable business men would be persuaded at last. And the "reasonable" business men only hated him the more for believing that they were reasonable.

After the Congo affair was liquidated, E. D. Morel turned on to West Africa. I saw much of him in those years 1910-1914; no one can know quite so well what he wanted, or how he worked for the helpless black men of Africa. They should not become an exploited landless proletariat if he could help it. With his usual armory of evidence, statistics, and extracts—piled up documentation—he fought big business and monopoly to save that land for the people.

The Liberals were driven to appoint a West African Lands Committee, and E. D. Morel was there. We held back the tide of exploitation. The West African native to-day grows his own cocoa and cotton as a free man on his own land, because of E. D. Morel. And the Big Interests hate him, and the educated natives hate him, for he stopped them also from becoming landlords, and those he saved do not know his name! But we, we few who do know, are not likely ever to forget the example, the glory, and the martyr's halo of Morel.

From E. N. Bennett:

Our little Congo Reform Group in the House of Commons, of which I was secretary and Sir Charles Dilke a devoted member, always worked under the guidance of Morel and the inspiration of the wonderful crusade he carried on through the length and breadth of Great Britain. As regards the Congo, at least, Morel was vouchsafed a happiness not always experienced by the world's greatest reformers, that he lived to see his dreams fulfilled and his work accomplished; and were this indeed his only claim to such distinction, he had done enough to merit a foremost place amongst the noblest benefactors of mankind.

Ever since the evil days of the War and the Treaty,

Morel has been fighting for international justice and peace against the vested interests of financiers, militarists, and diplomats. In this good cause he suffered contumely, imprisonment, neglect.

> This the sole blot on which Detraction darts,
> Seeking to make his rounded fame decrease,
> That in his soul of souls and heart of hearts
> He worshipped Peace.
>
> But One blessed peace-maker long years ago,
> And since, in humble clay or statelier vault,
> Seldom has hero rested stained by so
> Superb a fault.

From VERNON LEE:

The news of dear Mr. Morel's death has only just come to me, and I am still too much under the first shock to attempt, even if I had the materials, any kind of objective appreciation of him; of his achievements, and of what, alas, he has been cut off from achieving. My mind is only filled with a very massive and very warm sense of his great personality as I knew him at the U.D.C. during the war years: weighty, yet impulsive, succeeding and sometimes failing through these qualities. Also, for all his splendid grasp of historical detail, oddly like what a poet should be. With his curious mixture of very British with very French, Morel was not unlike Romain Rolland's war-hero *Clerambault,* the sort of man who, on the Continent, would have been assassinated like Jaurès, Rathenau, and Matteotti. In our law-stickling England of the war years, he was merely put in a convict's jacket for infringing unwittingly a regulation against sending pamphlets to neutral countries; and was employed for half a year sewing mailbags with a burglar (as he told me) for his right hand neighbor, and a violator of little girls on the left. Shortly after he had served his time, I stayed with him and Mrs. Morel at our dear (alas, both dead) friends, the Miss Fords, near Leeds; we thought him enormously aged and broken. And without knowing more about his subsequent health, I cannot but suspect that however much he picked up, and his sanguine temper seemed to revive with his own and his party's success, those months in jail cost him some years of a precious, a wonderful, a useful life. One thing I wish to add. It happened that I was able to help Mr. Morel in the transformation of his *Morocco in Diplomacy* into the volume then called *Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy;* and in so doing, I became aware that, far from being in the very least pro-German (he did not know even a word of the language), it was in a great measure his half French origin and his consequent knowledge of the militaristic tide rising in the France of Poincaré and Barrès which caused his refusal to believe (what very few nowadays do still believe) that Germany was alone responsible for the war. Having myself had opportunities of noticing the dangerous tendencies of French opinion before 1914, I think it useful to our friend's good fame, and useful also to the *bona fide* peace he worked for, if I mention that what Morel was martyred for, in body and mind, during the war years, were the opinions which French Socialists like Sembat and Delaisi had been publishing before the war came and verified their prophecies.

From ROMAIN ROLLAND:

Je puis dire qu'aucun homme politique d'Europe ne m'inspirait une aussi profonde estime que E. D. Morel. En vérite, il était au-dessus de la politique. Il en dominait toutes les intrigues et toutes les compromis. Il était indépendant de tous les partis. Il était le représentant de l'humanité, sans distinction de pays et de races. Toute iniquité le trouvait prêt à la combattre; tout peuple opprimé le voyait accourir à sa défense. Il était le dernier chevalier, perdu dans la forêt des democraties aveugles et violentes, qu'asservissent les ploutocrates, rois de la politique et de l'opinion. L'extraordinaire, c'est que presque seul contre tous, il ait pu tenir tête à un monde d'ennemis; c'est qu'il ait vaincu deux fois—au Congo et après la guerre.

Véritable epopée! Les hommes d'aujourd'hui n'en mesurent pas la grandeur. Elle s'élèvera au-dessus du siècle, à mesure que les générations s'en éloigneront....

Il a vaincu—mais à quel prix! Il meurt, à cinquante-et-un ans, usé par trente ans d'épreuves, de combats journaliers, d'injustices et d'outrages subis, jusqu'à cette ignominieuse prison, où sa santé fut minée. Il meurt sur une ultime victoire; mais sa disparition est une catastrophe, à cette heure où la réaction européenne essaie d'un dernier effort, au risque de décharner des conflits mondiaux, plus terribles encore que la guerre de 1914.

Français, je suis fier que ce grand Anglais appartienne, pour moitié, à ma race. Il réunissait en lui les plus grandes vertus des deux peuples: le pur idéalisme, que ne transige jamais, et l'action intrépide, qui ne recule jamais.

(*Translation*)

I can affirm that no politician in Europe has inspired me with so profound a feeling of esteem as has E. D. Morel. In truth he stood above politics. He held aloof from its intrigues and its compromises. He belonged to no clique. He was the representative of humanity without respect of race or creed. No evil but found him ready for the struggle, no people downtrodden but saw him spring to their defence. He was the last of the knights errant, lost in the forest of those blind and warring democracies enslaved by the plutocrats, who are the kings of politics and of public opinion. The miracle is that almost single-handed he could make headway against a world of enemies; that twice he could achieve victory—in the Congo, and after the war.

Truly an heroic figure. We of to-day cannot measure his stature. He will tower above his age as the years pass.

He has conquered—but at what a cost! He is dead, at fifty-one, worn out by thirty years of warfare, of daily struggle, of the injustices, the outrages he has undergone, culminating in those bitter months of imprisonment, which undermined his health.

He died at the moment of his final victory; but at the hour when reaction is about to make its last effort in Europe, at the risk of plunging the world into a conflict more terrible than that of 1914, his death is a catastrophe.

As a Frenchman, I am proud that my race can claim its share in this great Englishman. He combined in himself the greatest attributes of both peoples; the clear-sighted idealism, which never wavers, and the fearless execution, which does not know defeat.

From GEORGE DEMARTIAL:

Morel was the first man, in this thoughtless world, publicly to take in hand the defence of outcast peoples. Immediately he became the chief object of hate of the pharisees, of almost the whole of what we call the civilized world.

What Zola was in the Dreyfus affair, Morel became during the World War. France has placed Zola in

the Pantheon. What honors will humanity reserve for Morel on a future day?

Even now we have had the joy of seeing this great heretic elected three times in three years to the House of Commons. People of England, I thank you!

From EMILE VANDERVELDE:

I have been painfully moved by the unexpected news of the death of E. D. Morel. We had not met for ten years. The divergence of our views during the war had separated us. But there remains with me the ineffaceable memory of the struggle which we pursued together against the abuses of Leopold in the Congo. Because Morel had denounced these abuses, as he had denounced others in French or British colonies, he was made the victim of the most outrageous, the most odious accusations in a portion of the Belgian press. Even his death has not disarmed his enemies. This gives me an additional motive for declaring solemnly in association with MacDonald, that I have rarely met a man who has given so many proofs of self-sacrifice, of disinterestedness, and of courage in defending the rights of humanity.

From JAMES WALDO FAWCETT:

I never met E. D. Morel, and yet I cannot help thinking of him in almost purely personal terms. I suppose this results in part from the necessary limitation of the world in which we lived during the bitter years of the war; it was a little world, a small sanctuary of the mind and the soul in a universe of hate and chaos; the few men who stood apart from the madness were brought together in an intimacy inflicted upon them by those who did not stand apart; they shared ideals, as they shared persecution, and ideals have a binding quality—they became friends; they were comrades.

So it is my friend and comrade who is dead, and I mourn him with all my heart. As the years pass I find it more and more difficult to endure losses of this character; so many whom I have loved are gone—driven out of life, as it seems, by the violence of common passions alien to them in every true sense and yet powerful beyond all telling; Morel, like Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Randolph Bourne and Horace Traubel, was a victim of the war and its aftermath—I, too, feel the strain and perhaps it is for this reason that I shudder to hear of any death.

In the instance of Morel, certainly, there is a loss to the liberal fellowship that cannot be overestimated in its tragic significance. He died at a moment when he was greatly needed just as he lived to fill a need; he was a priceless man—he has no successor.

And yet we are all duty bound to carry on his work. We must take our inspiration from his life and do as we know he would have us do. So truth and liberty will return to the earth, and the peace he sought and toward which we believe his labor will be esteemed a major contribution.

From BLANCHE WATSON:

Edmund Dene Morel—scholar, humanitarian, leader of men! Here was a twentieth century crusader fighting with tongue and pen against odds as great as ever man faced—or will face.

Many Americans looked eagerly every month for *Foreign Affairs* largely because of the compelling personality behind it; and tears will come to many eyes, I venture to say, as they did to mine, when there came the news that the light of his courageous and beautiful soul had gone out, when—it would seem—the darkness of the world most needed its guidance and inspiration.

A great soul has gone. The life here is lived out—and it was a glorious life. Go onward and upward, dear friend. We loved you—we still love you; and we would not hold you back.

From DOREMUS SCUDDER:

Two and a half years ago at a Greater Boston conference a speaker referred to the British monthly, *Foreign Affairs,* and advised all who wished intelligently to live in the atmosphere of internationalism to subscribe for it at the un-Americanly insignificant figure of five shillings. I followed this counsel, and in a few weeks the influence upon me of Edmund Dene Morel began. We never met. Neither knew anything of the other's life until a short time ago I learned the details of his part in the freeing of the Congo peoples. Only a few skeletal business communications passed between us and one brief personal letter. But behind and beneath this threadbare exterior of material intercourse a community of spirit, one-sidedly at least, was steadily builded until at news of his sudden graduation into larger life, the shock was as keen as though the loss had been that of a loved personal comrade. It was quite a new experience, for although often in the past death had entered the innermost circle of intimates, here was no history of frequent interchange of thought and vision and purpose. But this man's editorials and pamphlets revealed a soul so high, so clean, so courageful, so pellucidly true, so scientifically devoted to telling out things as they are, that one's trust instinctively went forth to him as to a Sir Galahad. He had the rare power to win friendship independently of personal association—one of the surest tests of superlative character.

When Labor came momentarily to its own in the rulership of Britain the name of Morel was missed from a post of high responsibility in the Government but the inexplicable denial of such honor had no effect upon his splendid championship of the supreme cause to which he had given his life. He was the greatest apostle of human brotherhood that the British Empire in this generation has held. For years we have been hearing to nausea the cry for leaders. It is not leaders the world lacks. They are in evidence in every land. It is followers that history demands today, followers of men God-made for unselfish leadership; but the crowd too often will have none of them because it is sodden in its dull quest for a living, and the man whose life is devoted to ideals gets little or no popular following. Yet as Dundee showed, when the people are jarred from the toil of the muckrake by the vision of the great messenger they respond, while here and there deep in some ardent souls the life lesson of the real leader is enwrought. Morel was one of the finders of the Holy Grail. His death would be an irreparable loss if his spirit were not moving on in others whom he has touched and fired.

From *The Illinois Miner*:

With Edmund Dene Morel passed one of the bravest soldiers of liberty, truth and peace. He entered the English House of Commons as the candidate of the Labor party in 1922, after beating Winston Churchill.

Years before that, while manager of the Antwerp Congo Corporation, engaged in the African rubber trade, he had written a book, "Red Rubber," which staggered the civilized world. This book, dealing with the

cruelty practiced by the Belgian imperialists won great acclaim from the British imperialists and they made Morel a present of $20,000.

Unfortunately for his British admirers, Morel had learned more about the ways of imperialism than they wanted the world to know. It was well enough to advertise the existence of the most brutal slave system in the Congo; well enough to furnish incontestable proofs that Belgian slave-drivers in the employ of King Leopold, Dei Gratia, practiced the gentle custom of cutting off the hands of natives as an incentive to gathering rubber, a custom, by the way, which our professional prevaricators in press and pulpit quickly assigned to the "Huns" after imperialism took a new turn. But Morel went further. He dissected imperialism and dragged its bloody skeleton to the light of day. He showed that this thing bred war, secretly and deliberately, and for no higher aim than the control of oil, iron, rubber and the blessed privilege of robbing unarmed natives of their land and labor.

Morel foretold the world war years before it "surprised" the unsophisticated imperialists who had been diligently preparing for it for decades. His great book, "Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy" (1913), and "Truth and the War" (1916), gave the whole inside history of the sorry mess of double-dealing concession-grabbing, land-stealing, and plain lying which hurled a blind world into the bloodiest welter in the annals of our foolish kind.

What a pity a man like Woodrow Wilson did not read Morel's works. He would have found his belated saying: "The seeds of modern war are industrial and commercial rivalry," staring him in the face from every page of Morel's writings. He would have learned that the divine crusade for democracy was but a sordid struggle for dividends in which one party was as criminally guilty as the other. Had he read Morel and the secret treaties which the Bolsheviki had flung out of the windows of the Kremlin, he would not have aided in the squandering of our two hundred thousand boys and fifty thousand million sweat-stained dollars to make the world worse than it was. For we believe Wilson was honest and simply did not know any better which is a characteristic of nearly all of our statesmen.

Morel's writings finally landed him in prison to fulfill the saying: "The truth shall make you free." A few years later they brought him a seat in the House of Commons as a member of the Labor party, which, as everywhere, had become the last refuge of truth and decency. Some day, they will lay his body in Westminster Abbey just as the remains of Jean Juarez were buried in the Pantheon of France the other day. But wherever he may sleep his final sleep, his tongue will speak long after the men who jailed him have been forgotten and perhaps forgiven.

Rest in peace, brave Warrior of Peace!

The Memorial Service in London

[We print herewith an account from the *Daily Herald* (London) of the Memorial Service for Mr. E. D. Morel. A personal letter states, "It was a wonderful affair, over-powering, more so than anything of the kind I have ever attended. The crowded church must have had quite 75 per cent men. There was no address. The whole thing lasted barely twenty-five minutes. Most of the papers made no mention of it. This is a shocking example of the way in which significant events are missed by the newspapers."—Editors.]

It would be very hard to imagine a more impressive and beautiful form for a memorial service than that which filled most eyes with tears, and certainly moved every heart at St. Martin's Church, by Charing Cross.

It was simple and sincere, as befitted the memory of Morel. Just those qualities of his, which we most loved and honored, marked our farewell to him. There was no pageantry, no ceremonial, no formal service whatever. But there was a stirring of emotion, a solace after grieving, a lifting of the spirit into a pure atmosphere of thankfulness and truth which could not have been gained by any other means.

The body of the great church was full long before half-past twelve. By that time the galleries were well filled as well. There was happily no order of seating. Everyone sat down in the nearest empty seat. On such an occasion brotherhood and equality are felt to be specially binding.

First came "Abide with me," so bound up with memories of childhood in most of our hearts that of themselves the plaintive air and words always affect us. Then George Lansbury read with tender feeling and perfect appreciation of its ancient wisdom a passage from "Ecclesiasticus," copied out for him by Mrs. Morel's father, now 86 years old.

> Strive for the truth into death.
>
> Turn not away thine eye from the needy.

Yes, that was what Morel did.

Never could it be said of Morel that he disregarded any whose sufferings called for help.

> Let the counsel of thine own heart stand . . . for a man's mind is sometime wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower.

To that injunction Morel gave good heed. Because he followed the counsel of his own heart with courage and disregard of consequences, we were mourning the great loss of him to the cause of Justice and Freedom and Comradeship.

He was gone, as R. L. Stevenson's Requiem, beautifully sung, reminded us, after a full and happy life. He had "fought the good fight," as we sang in the next hymn, with all his might; he had "run the straight race"; his reward will be respect and affection for ages to come.

Followed Stevenson's Family Prayer and one of 16th-century origin, both read with very touching effect by the Rev. C. H. Ritchie, who then asked us in silence to remember Morel's great character and service, the ideals he upheld, those whom he had left behind, closing with the hope that we might live to see that Kingdom of God, for which he labored, established on earth.

It was difficult after this to sing. Not till the last verse of

> When wilt Thou Save the People?
> O God of Mercy, when?

was a great volume of sound sent rolling through the church. It gathered strength, and, culminating in the final "God Save the People," it seemed a fitting end. That was what Morel always strove for, to save the People, to help on God's work.

So out into the daylight, heartened to carry on his labors, to water the seed which he sowed.

More than 2,000 people were at the church, including Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. Webb, Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Spoor, Mr. Hodges, Mr. Ammon, Lords Parmoor and Thomson—indeed most, if not all, the other members of the first Labor Cabinet.

Mr. Morel's family was represented by Mrs. Morel, Miss Stella Morel, and his sons, Messrs. Roger, Geoffrey and Oliver Morel.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Morel Literature

It is fortunate that there already exist two books which tell the story of E. D. Morel's heroic and fruitful life. Mr. Morel was one of those men whose career was so vital that the world had to have the record of it even before it was completed.

One of these two books is a biography by Mr. F. Seymour Cocks, published in 1920.* This is admirably written, and is especially valuable for its full account of Mr. Morel's great and trimphant battle against the slavery in the Belgian Congo. The most thrilling chapter is that which describes the recognition and acclaim which came to Mr. Morel when, after years of struggle against fearful odds, he announced the victory of his cause. Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Winchester, spoke the mind of all England when he said, "I believe Mr. Morel to have done a hero's work, with a hero's motive and a hero's courage. . . I am not ashamed to believe and say that for a great moral emergency the Providence of God gave us the man." It was the position of fame and influence won by this achievement that Mr. Morel voluntarily surrendered at the outbreak of the War, to bear witness against its iniquity and to tell the truth about its origin. It was a supreme sacrifice for conscience's sake.

*"E. D. Morel: The Man and His Work," published by George Allen and Unwin, London.

Mr. Morel's life from 1914, when he became the best hated as he had been one of the most highly honored men in England, is best told in Mrs. H. M. Swanwick's history of the Union of Democratic Control.* From the first Mr. Morel was the moving spirit of this organization, and he remained so to the end. The story of the Union is the story of his very life's blood. The man and the society through the ten years (1914-1924) were one.

Mr. Morel's own books are of course the supreme record of the man and his work. Here are manifest his clarity of mind, his scientific precision, his mastery of the details of information, his genius for debate, his utter courage, and his single-hearted devotion to the cause of truth. The titles are as follows: "Red Rubber," "The Black Man's Burden," "Africa and the Peace of Europe," "Diplomacy Revealed," "Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy," "Truth and the War, Pre-War Diplomacy," "The Poison That Destroys," "Secret History of a Great Betrayal." These books have had an enormous sale, and have been distributed throughout the world.

Now that Mr. Morel is dead, it is to be hoped that some competent hand will gather all available material into a great and definitive biography. J. H. H.

*Just issued in London under the title, "Builders of Peace."

An Appeal

E. D. Morel Memorial Fund

It is hoped to raise a fund in memory of E. D. Morel, his work for the liberation of the Congo and for International Understanding.

E. D. Morel gave the best years of a remarkably active and beneficent life in the service of humanity. He consistently put in the second place not only his own interests, but even the interests of those dependent upon him. His emoluments had been for many years very much below what he would have been able to command, had he chosen to work for money. He knew that his life was very insecure and he must have had faith that his family would not be allowed to suffer because of his disinterestedness. We would like the fund to reach dimensions which would ensure this.

It is proposed to hand over to his family any sum raised, deducting only enough for a memorial tablet in the cloisters of the "Garden of Peace" at Golders Green.

Subscriptions should be sent to the *Secretary, E. D. Morel Memorial Fund, Orchard House, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.* 1.

THANKS

Thank God for this bright frailty of Life,
The lyric briefness of its reckless Spring;
Thank God for all the swift adventuring,
The bold uncertainty, the rousing strife.

Thank God the world is set to such a tune,
That life is such a proud and crashing wave;
That none, but lifeless things, shall be Time's slave,
Like the long-dead but never tiring moon;

That godlike passion strangely leaps and runs;
That youth cannot grow old, nor beauty stale;
That even Death is fragile and must fail
Before the wind of joy that speeds the suns.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE U. D. C. AND E. D. MOREL

The Executive Committee of the Union of Democratic Control in England sent the following message to Mrs. E. D. Morel:—

The Executive Committee of the Union of Democratic Control wishes to express to Mrs. Morel its deep sympathy at the terrible loss she has sustained in the death of her husband.

No formal resolution can express our real feelings at the gap which Mr. Morel's death leaves in our lives, and in the public life of the country. Before he became one of the founders of the Union of Democratic Control, he had carried through a work on behalf of the oppressed people of Africa which was one of the greatest achievements of this generation, and which will make his name live in African history.

His work for the Union of Democratic Control showed him to be one of the bravest and wisest men in the world. He has been its inspiring force, and the usefulness of the Union has for many years been mainly due to the fact that it was the medium for the expression of his great personality.

We realize that the seeds of his illness were sown by his imprisonment during the War, and his name is added to the long list of heroes and martyrs who have sacrificed their lives for their fellow-men.

C. Raymond Beazley.
Charles Roden Buxton.
J. A. Hobson.
Bertrand Russell.
H. M. Swanwick.
E. N. Bennett.
Hamilton Fyfe.
H. B. Lees Smith, M.P.
F. J. Shaw.
Charles Trevelyan, M.P.

A RUSSIAN TRIBUTE TO E. D. MOREL

On November 14, at the opening of the working session of the Trade Union Congress of the U.S.S.R., Tomsky announced the death of "The active leader of the British working class movement, Comrade Morel."

Tomsky pointed out that although Morel was not completely at one with them (the Russian workers) theoretically he had done much important anti-war propaganda during the imperialist war and that he had been one of the most sincere and consistent friends of the U. S.S.R.

"It was thanks to the energy of Morel and his friends here present that the negotiations between the U.S.S.R. and Britain, which had broken down, were resumed and an agreement reached acceptable to both sides."

On behalf of the Conference, Tomsky expressed heartfelt sympathy with the British working class at their loss.

After a reply by Grenfell on behalf of the British Trade Union Delegations, the Congress honored Morel's memory by rising and standing in silence for a few minutes.

November 15, 1924. —*Pravda.*

"Every nation is preparing for war today because the public law of Europe which prevails today is an unjust law, a law which inevitably makes for a revolt of the people who suffer against the conditions imposed upon them. The inevitable will come unless some man big enough to rouse the conscience of Europe arises, some man in executive power, great enough to stake all on forcing the perception of the truth on the people of the world. Or, short of that, that the peoples will say to their Governments, 'Go on with your play acting. Go on with your make-believe. Go on with your dishonest talk. Go on with your absurd conferences. But bid us massacre one another again, put into our hands your murderous weapons for that purpose, and the hour that you do so will mark your doom and the doom of your senseless, your criminal and your inhuman institutions.'"—*E. D. Morel,* in *Foreign Affairs,* August, 1924.

BUILDERS OF PEACE

"Let us so labour and strive for humanity in this, humanity's dark hour, that, if not we ourselves, then our sons, building upon the foundations we have laid, shall, despite the prophets, contribute in giving to the world a variant from the old despairing message, a variant which shall contribute a new message, a new message of assured hope, pointing to a certain goal.

"And that message shall be this: 'The prophets may prophesy falsely, but the priests heed them not, and the people reject their teaching, and the end thereof shall be peace among the children of men.'"—*E. D. Morel* ("Truth and the War").

I

MOREL IN BOSTON

Dear Mr. Holmes:

I hope that you will make Unity the vehicle of an adequate tribute to Morel. If you do not do it, it will not be done; for in this wicked world I am afraid that the number of people elected to true appreciation of the Morel type of saint and hero is limited. He was in our judgment one of the most devoted and able workers for righteousness that this generation has known; and our people ought to be helped to know it.

I did not know Morel well; and I censure myself now for not seeing to it that I knew him better, as would have been simple, since so many of our London friends were the same. I spent an hour with him in a little group of those friends conferring upon some international interest; but whether it was in 1914, the year the war broke out, or earlier I can not clearly remember. In 1904, he came to Boston to present the matter of the Congo atrocities to the International Peace Congress which met there that year. I was the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Congress, and I think he must have come as the result of correspondence which assured him of a hearing. I had early become a member of our Congo Reform Association here, which was co-operating with him in England, and he doubtless knew of my interest and activity; but these details I can not now remember. I do remember that when he appeared in my office I was deeply impressed by his personality and his talk, as I was prepared to be. The Boston Congress was the largest international peace congress ever held at that time or since. We had simultaneous meetings during the week at Tremont Temple, Park Street Church, and Faneuil Hall; and it is interesting at this moment to remember the great meeting for working-men at Faneuil Hall at which Samuel Gompers was the principal speaker. The meeting which Morel addressed was in Park Street Church. I could not be present, as I had so many irons in the fire; but Mrs. Mead was there, and has always remembered it. Dole presided—which was very fortunate, as few could have managed so well the embarrassing situation which was precipitated. The day before the meeting, I was waited on by two vigorous fellows, who had learned of Morel's presence and his prospective address, and wanted a chance to be heard in rebuttal. I think they were sent or inspired by the Belgian malefactors. They intimated that it was my duty to give both sides a hearing. I told them that the Peace Congress did not exist to give a hearing to both sides of the question of war or any other iniquity; that we were assembled not to debate war, but to condemn it and get rid of it, and that we regarded the Congo iniquity, about which we had all made up our minds and needed no further information, as a startling illustration of the kind of evil that kept this world full of war. I had supposed that ended it; but they appeared at the Park Street meeting, which was a crowded one, and after Morel had finished his thrilling address one of them, who said he was from Cambridge University, asked the chair to be heard. I may have told Dole of their presence in Boston, and may not. At any rate he was equal to the occasion, and told the man, after he had run on for a little, that he was there to carry through a certain program, upon which remarks like his did not seem to belong, and that in his judgment any general debate was not in order. Mrs. Mead said he did it with great courtesy, but with a clear decision that ended the episode then and there. We have always remembered this little touch with Morel in his heroic crusade, and the memory of it comes back to us with double sacredness now that he is translated. I do not know that Morel was ever again in this country.

Boston, Mass. Edwin D. Mead.

II

From a Letter to the *Manchester Guardian*

He was a sensitive man and he felt injustice deeply. Once when I was at home on short leave from the Dardanelles I happened to meet him in the Strand, and he passed me with a cold nod. I ran after him and asked what was the matter between us, and with tears in his eyes (for he never had the average Englisman's way of suppressing the signs of emotion) he replied: "I did not suppose that anyone would speak to me now."

—*Henry W. Nevinson.*

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